Sandy of Roaring Fork.

One of the real good men in our camp on Roaring Fork was J. M. Sanders. It was years afterwards before any one knew that he was anything but plain "Sanday," but if a man has a front name it is bound to come out sooner or later.

It was later when it turned out that "Sandy" was not only Sanders, but J. M. Sanders, and like as not some of his letters had "Esq." at the end of his name.

Well, Sandy was a good man—a real good man. He always had a remedy for every complaint, from chills and fever to being so homesick that the patient would have given his left arm for a sight of the old red farmhouse in the States. He was also a praying man, and on Sunday, when he didn't have too much patching and darning to do he read from the Bible and exhorted us that the road to heaven led through trials and tribulations and over hills where a man shod with the strongest faith had to look out for his footing.

Which I may remark right here was also the belief of several others in camp, including your humble servant.

Sandy didn't play cards nor drink nor howl around with his hat on his ear and his teeth on edge, and for this reason he was dispised by some and admired by others. If he had a weak point it was his too forgiving spirit. Once in a while, when one of the men rubbed him a little too hard, there was a warning of danger in his blue eyes, but he let a half-drunken miner spit in his face one day without betraying the least show of anger.

The same was talked over in camp, and we were divided as to whether it was fear of the miner's fist or pity for his befuddled condition which prevented a knock down. However, there came a day when tne old man settled the long-standing query of whether he had fight in him or not.

Two miles above us was the camp of the "Howling Wild Cats." One day big Jim Stevens, standing six feet two in his boots and having a fist as big as a two-quart jug, got hold of some particularly good whisky, and after licking the best man in his own camp he came down to give us a whirl. Some of our men, probably out of mere deviltry, told Jim that Sandy was our fighting man and the hardest hitter west of the Nebraska prairies.

What did big Jim do but hunt up our parson and give him to understand that the awfulest, bloodiest, fiercest and most desparate struggle ever known on the face of this globe was about to take place.

"James Stevens, you go home," replied Sandy.

"Sandy, I'm going to lick you till you can't beller!" chuckled Jim.

"Go away! I've nothing against you," warned the parson.

"Sandy, prepare to be driven head first into the sile!" yelled Jim, and with that he spit on his hands and turned on a full head of steam.

We were all there, you know, but there was a sort of understood law or custom in the mining camps that a fight must be fought out without a third party chipping in. And besides, some of us had a sneaking suspicion that Sandy would astonish the country if cornered and compelled to use his muscle.

Big Jim rushed in like a locomotive going for a spring lamb, but he didn't get there. When he come within striking distance Sandy shot out and keeled him over in such style that some one called for three cheers. Jim got up slowly, made another rush, and the result was the same. He wouldn't have tried it again but for the jeers and taunts of the men. The third round was a beautiful affair. Jim advanced alowly hands up, prize-ring, fashion, and for a minute we weakened a bit on our man. Foot to foot they eyed each other, and sparred for an opening. Then like a streak of greased lightning, Sandy shot out with his left and Jim went down like a log and had enough.

Then who washed the blood from his face? The parson.

Who lifted him up and walked him away, speaking as kindly as a woman? The parson.

Yes, it was, and it was the same parson who walked to his camp with him, and on the way up the trail sowed such good seed that Big Jim changed from a drunken, brawling good-for-nothing to a sober, industrious miner; and when he struck a "pocket" and had the wherewithal to return home, the parson was the first to congratulate him and the last to shake his hand and bid him God-speed.

"Which I desire to explain," observed our camp shoemaker, one day some months after the fight, "some men can be coaxed or reasoned into being good, and some others never begin to mend their ways until after the third knock-down."

Ostrich Farming---Its Adapation to the South.

Baltimore Sun.

Allusion has been made in *The Sun* from time to time to the proposed introduction of ostrich farming in California. Dr. Prothroe, the owner, and Mr. Sketchly, his assistant, from Cape Town, South Africa, recently came overland to California with ten males and twelve female ostriches, valued at $20,000, and $2,000 railway charges. After being exhibited at Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco, they were taken to their homes in Fresno county, where the new enterprise will be conducted under the direction of C. C. Briggs, whose name is considered a guarantee for success. Mr. Sketchley showed to the California correspondent of *The Sun* how to treat the birds, and explained every process of plucking and sorting the feathers, incubating the eggs artificially, giving the wonderful increase of production, with the yearly sales of feathers and eggs, the cost of keeping and the very small loss of casualties. On account of superior evenness of climate the Doctor feels assured of larger production, almost total exemption from ricks, and finer feathers than at Cape Colony. He introduced the same Syrian variety of birds in Buenos Ayres, where his expectations have been fully realized. The male birds as well as the females, are plucked at two years. At Cape Colony one male and two females make a family. The average weight of these birds is 250 pounds each. The males are black and white; the females mouse colored. Every seven or eight months after the first laying each bird gives 100 first quality feathers from its wings and tail, valued at $180, besides inferior ones from the back and breast. Ostriches begin to lay turnip-sized eggs, in sand nests, at five years old. Each family of two hens lay about 180 eggs a year, from which 115 chicks are raised by artificial heat. In three weeks after leaving the nest they begin to lay again, Till three months old the chicks are tenderly cared for. They run in flocks like sheep, being very hardy, till five years old, when those for breeding are kept apart. Except in breeding time they are easy to approach and handle, but their eyes are hooded for plucking. An expert seizes the quill end low down, and with a sudden slap twists it out. They say it is not exactly painful, but very smarting. Each family is inclosed with a high fence, which an eight-foot bird cannot overlook. The market value at the Cape may be quoted: Birds at three months, $80; at two years, $150 each bird; when ripe, at five years, $1,000 to $1,200 for a family of three. Dr. Prothroe sums up his anticipated results from this adventure at the end of five years at 2,400 birds, and cash for 240-000 feathers. A year later, 18,000 birds, and 1,800,000 feathers, and so on yearly *ad infinitum*, during the twenty-five remaining years of the average bird's life. An idea of the possible profits of Ostrich farming may be derived from the fact that Cape Colony derives six and a-quarter millions of dollars a year from exported feathers. Dr. Prothroe says the ostrich is not a bird for the mountains, but in all the plains of the South it will thrive. A second farm is to be started in Los Angeles county, and an expert is now on his way from South Africa with fifty birds, with which to stock it. The American consuls at Cape Colony and Buenos Ayres say the "bird is very hardy, and will thrive in any of the southern States where there is no great excess of heat or cold.

Entrance at Sunrise; Exit at Sunset.

Wichita Letter in the Globe-Democrat.

As an example of the extent of the fenced acres in the Territory, your correspondent being this fall with a party of gentlemen in the Indian Territory on a hunting expedition: The party entered the eastern gates of a pasture field at 8 o'clock in the morning, and traveling westward during the day, passed through one of the western gates at 6 o'clock in the evening, and yet this is only one of several large pasture fields in the Indian Territory. It is said that Major Drum alone has sixty miles of fence. The fences are built of cedar posts and three strands of barbed wire. The cattle business of the Indian Territory has grown to immense proportions, there being at present no less than 200,000 head of cattle on the range.

—The value of the manufactured articles of this country is represented to be more than $107 to each of its inhabitants, while the wheat crop is $10 to each inhabitant; of the cotton crop, about $15.50; of the corn crop, $15 to each inhabitant.

Injured By An Angry Lioness.

Peter Marvin, an animal trainer, was severely injured by a lioness belonging to J. B. Doris' Inter-ocean circus, in the winter quarters of the show, at Frankford. The animals of the show occupy several buildings in Harrison street. The tropical animals are kept in a room by themselves. The room is fifty feet square, and along three of the walls are heavy oak and iron cages in three tiers, one above the other. The lions, tigers, leopards, panthers and hyenas are imprisoned in the lower dens. Juno is the largest lioness of the collection, and is five years old. Until a few months ago she was regarded as one of the best disposed brutes of her species. Last summer she assumed a protectorate over two motherless cubs in the show, and since then has shown a great rage whenever her proteges were approached. Just before dark last evening Mr. Marvin gave the cubs their share of the liver and paused a moment to fondle them. This angered Juno, and as he advanced toward her cage to pacify her he stumbled and fell against the bars. In an instant Juno seized his right arm above the elbow. Marvin grasped the bottom of the cage with his left hand. Juno held his right arm with one paw and struck through the bars at his head with the other. A lad named Donohue seized an iron bar and tried to make Juno drop Marvin, but only increased her rage. All the animals became wildly excited, and their roars and cries could be heard blocks away. Donohue ran out shrieking for help, and a number of men started to go to Marvin's assistance. In the meantime Juno had torn the flesh from Marvin's wrist, struck him several terrible blows on the shoulder, and then allowed him to drop to the ground and crawl away.

Just as the rescuers reached the doors they heard the sound of crushing timber, accompanied by the angry beast's roars, Juno had thrown herself against the bars and broken through. The interior of the building was dark, and no one dared venture in. They heard Juno charging about the place, and hesitated. They supposed Marvin was dead. He had reached the rack in which the heavy iron bars used to clean the cages were kept, and, seizing one, boldly advanced on Juno. who was crouching in the corner. The men outside, reassured by hearing, above the din the animals were making, the voice of Marvin ordering the lioness back to her cage, entered, and the beast was subdued. After Juno was caged it was noticed that one of a pair of blauw boks, for which Doris paid $1000, was trembling like a leaf, and tears ran down the frightened animal's face. Two minutes later it was dead. Marvin, though seriously injured, will recover, and may regain the use of his arm.

"SARAH," said a teacher to one of his pupils—"Sarah, can you give the definition to skpper?" "No," answered Sarah; "perhaps a cheese mite."

WHEN a lady has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't.